4a

NEW SONGS

SUNG IN

New Park

The Fool's Preferment,

Waterford

OR, THE

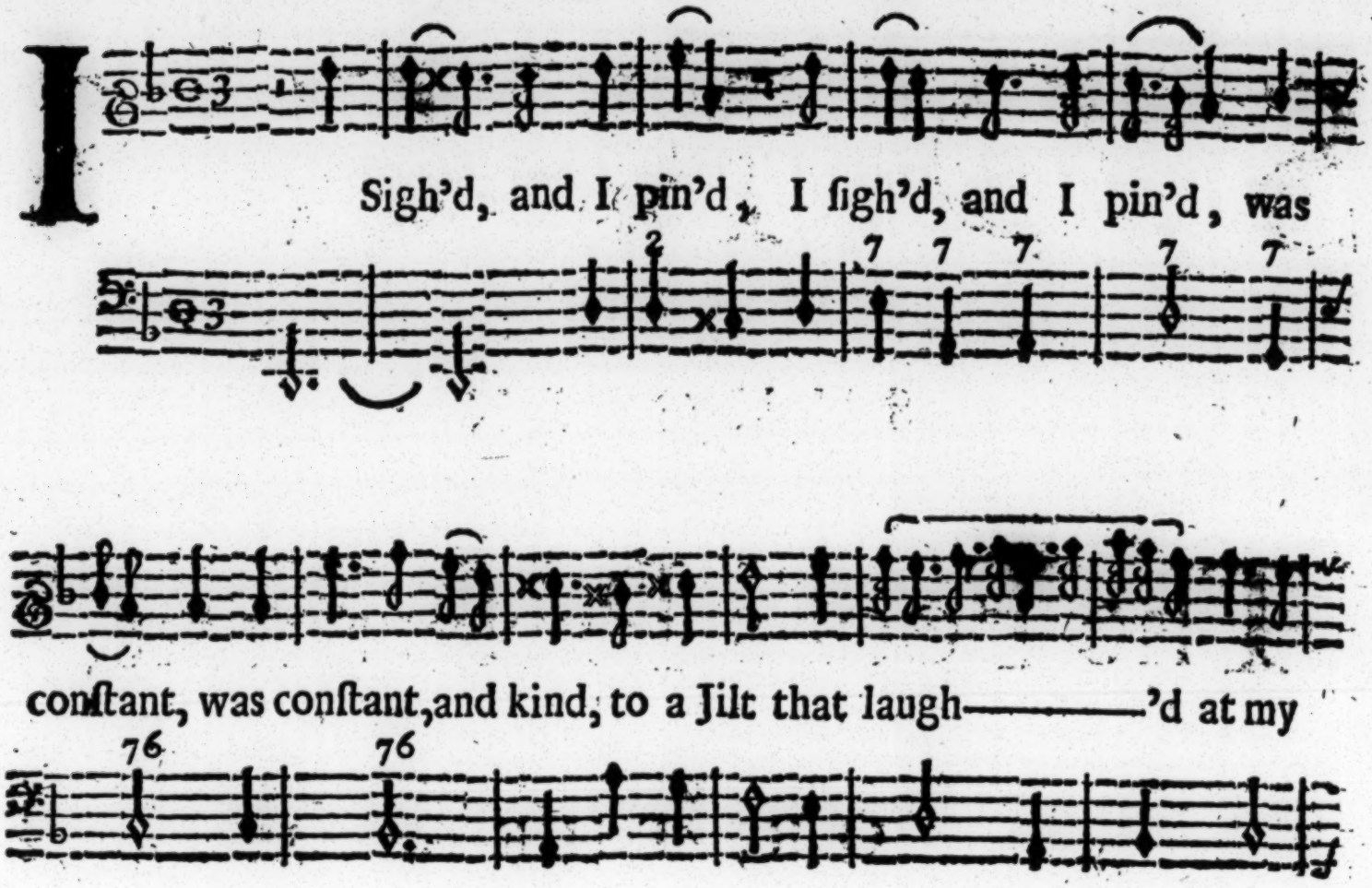
January 21 1702

Three DUKES of Dunstable.

In the SAVOY:

Printed by *E. Jones*, for *Jos. Knight* and *Fran. Saunders*,
at the *Blue Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the
New Exchange in the *Strand*, 1688.

A Song ſung in the Firſt Act.


I Sigh'd, and I pin'd, I ſigh'd, and I pin'd, was
conſtant, was conſtant, and kind, to a Jilt that laugh———'d at my
Pains; tho' my Paſ-ſion ne're cool'd, I found I was fool'd, for
all my a-bun-dance of Brains; tho' my Pa—ſion ne're

cool'd, I found I was fool'd, for all my a--bun-dance of

Quick.

Brains: But now I'm a Thing, as grea——t as a

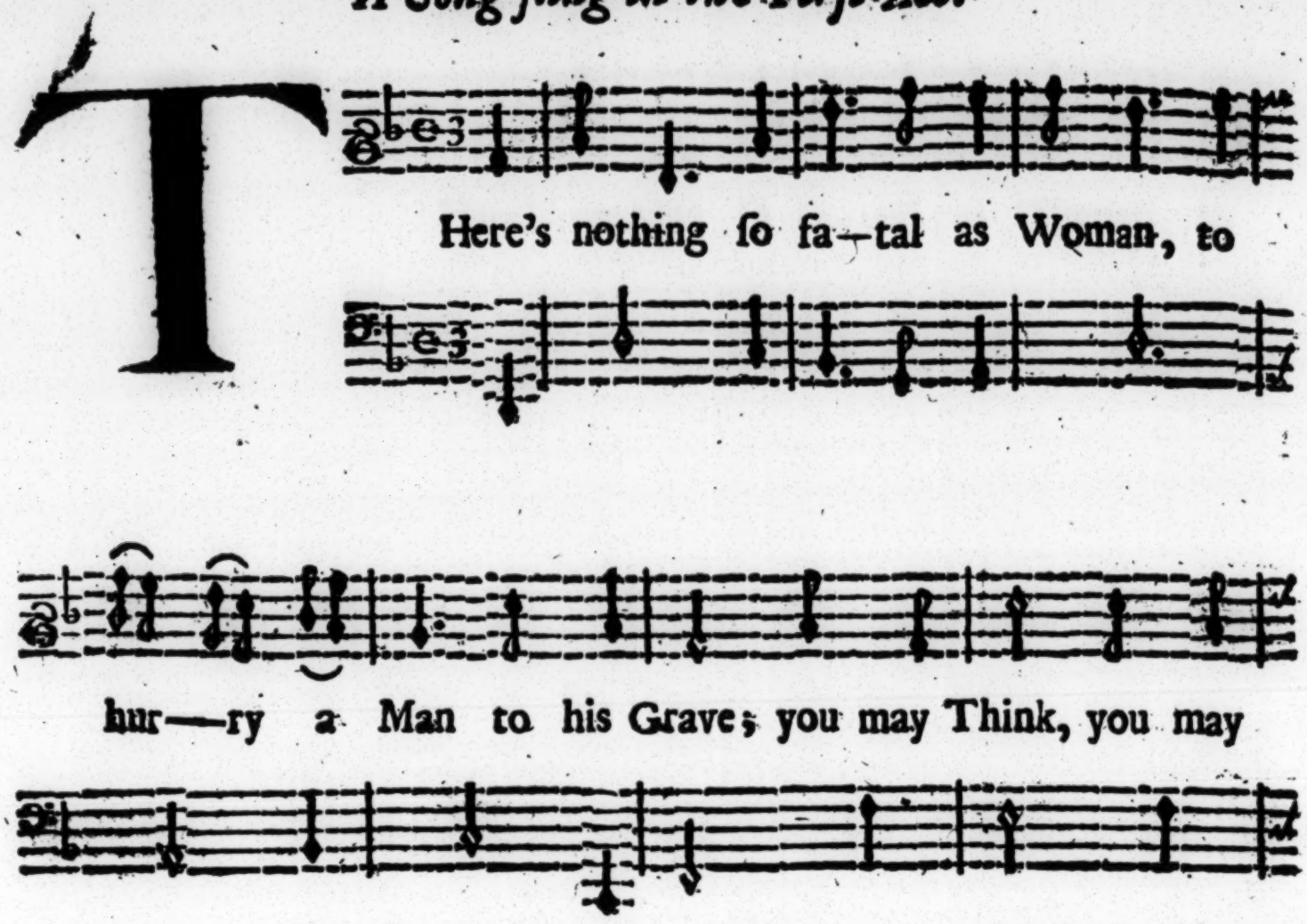
King, ſo bleſt is the Head that is ad—dle; the

dull empty Pate, ſooneſt comes to be great, Fate dotes on a Fool in the

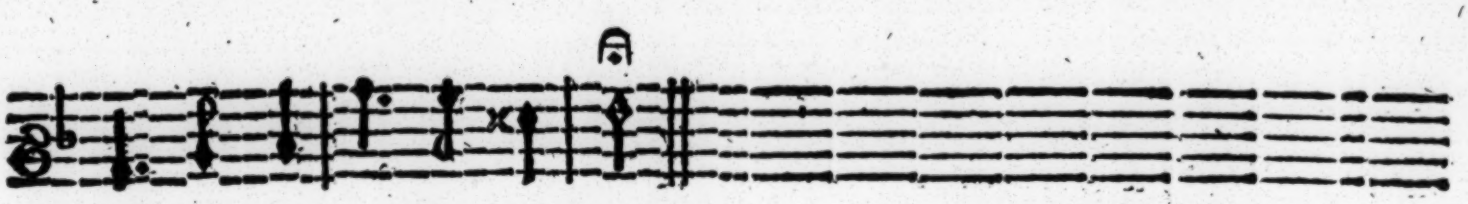
Cradle.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

A Song ſung in the Firſt Act.


There's nothing ſo fa—tal as Woman, to
hur—ry a Man to his Grave; you may Think, you may
Plot, you may Sigh like a Sot, ſhe u—ſes you more like a Slave: But a
Bottle, altho' it be common, the Cheats of the Fair will un-

do ; it will drive from your Head, the Delights of the Bed, he that's



Drunk, is not a—ble to Woo. Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

A Song ſung in the Third Act, by Mr. Monfort.

FLed is my Love, for e—ver, for e—ver, e——ver,
gone! O——————h, mighty Loſs! E—ter—nal
Sor——row, E—ter————————nal Sorrow! Yet
prethee *Strephon*, why ſhould'ſt mourn? For if thy *Ce——lia*

wont re—turn, to her thou ſhalt go, to her thou ſhalt

go to mor–row; to her thou ſhalt go, to her thou ſhalt

go to morrow.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

TIS Death alone, 'tis Death a—lone, can

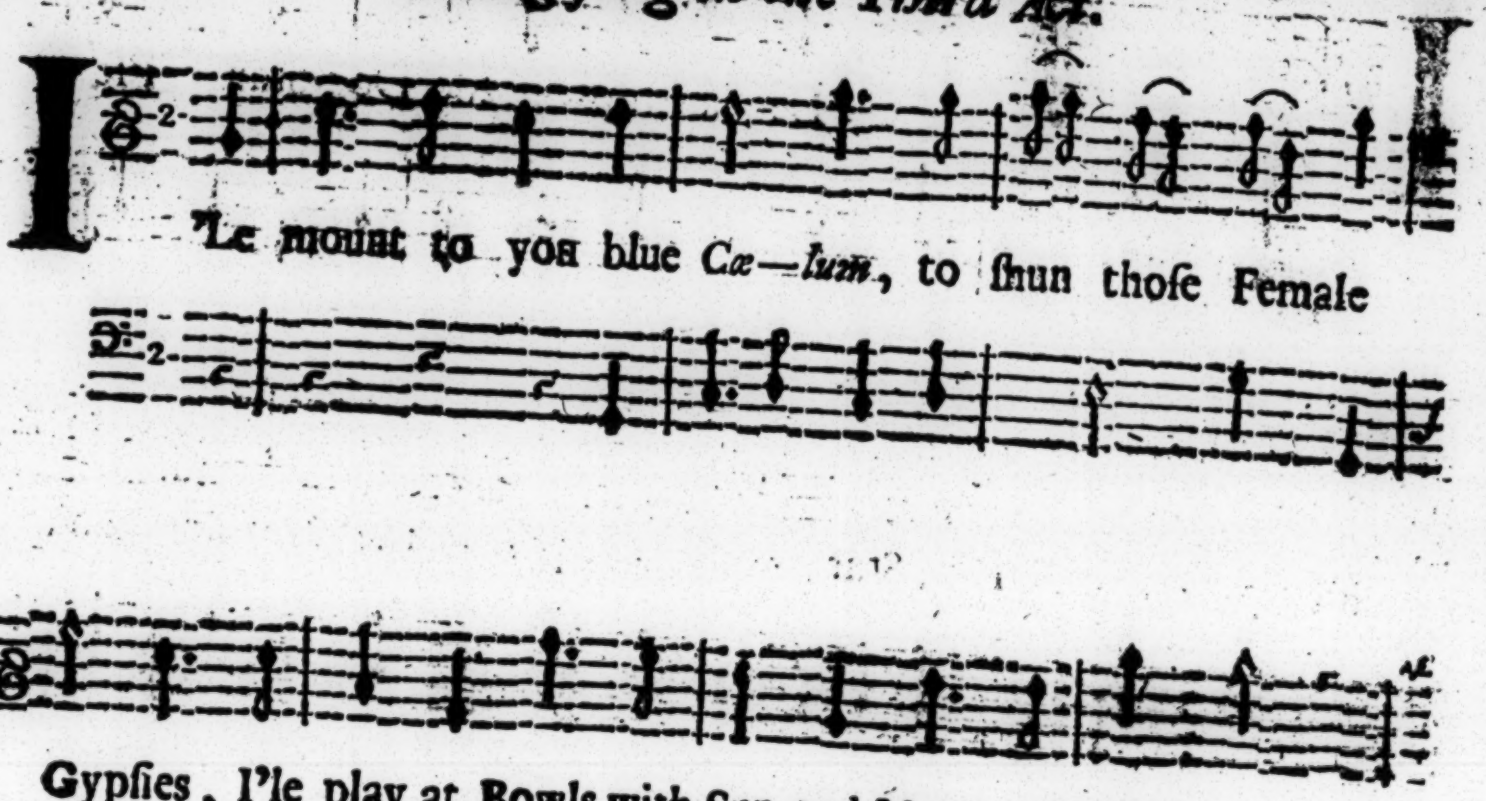
give me Eaſe, for all the mighty Pain, for all the mighty Pain, I've

felt; in his cold Tomb my Heart ſhall e-ver freeze, ſince hers could

ne-ver, ne—ver mel———t; ſince hers could ne—ver,

ne-ver mel———t, could ne——ver melt. Mr. *H. Purcell.*

A Song ſung in the Third Act.


I'Le mount to you blue Cœ—lum, to ſhun thoſe Female
Gypſies, I'le play at Bowls with Sun and Moon, and ſcare you,
ſcare you, ſcare you with E—clip—ſes; and ſcare you,
ſcare you, ſcare you with E—clip—ſes.

Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

I'Le ſail up-on the Dog-Star, I'le

ſail up—on the Dog-Star, and then perſue the Morning, and

then perſue, and then perſue the Morning; I'le chaſe the

Moon 'till it be Noon, I'le chaſe the Moon 'till it be

Noon, but I'le make, I'le make her leave her Horning.

I'le climb the fro-ſty Mountain, I'le climb the froſty

Mountain, and there I'le coyn the Weather; I'le

tea——r the Rain-bow from the Sky, I'le tea——r the

Rain-bow from the Sky, and tye, and tye both ends to-ge-ther,

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too, the Stars pluck from their Orbs too, and

crowd them in my Budget; and whether I'm a

roa——ring Boy, a roa——

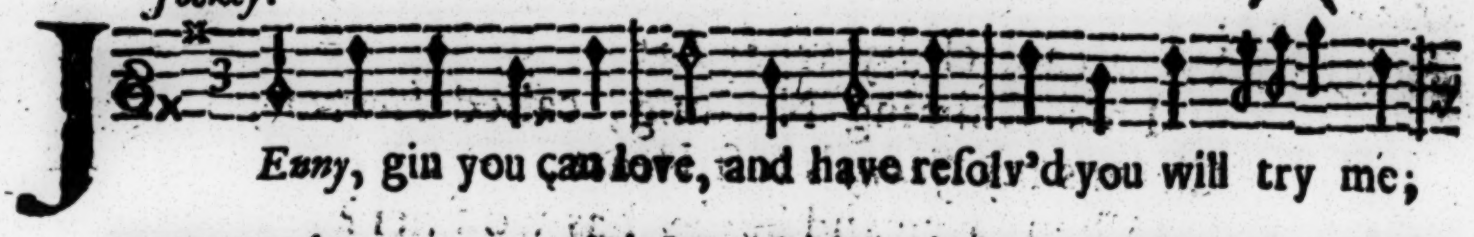
——ring Boy, let all——, let all the Nation

judge it.

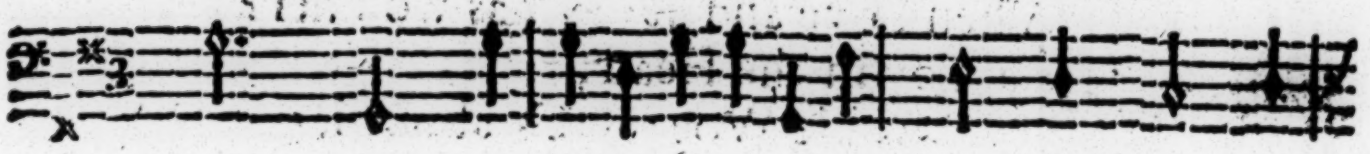
A Scotch

A Dialogue by Jockey and Jenny.

Jockey.



Euny, gin you can love, and have reſolv'd you will try me;



ſil—ly Scruples remove, and do no lon–ger de—ny me:

By thy bonny Black Eye,
I ſwear nean other can move me;
Then if ſtill you deny,
You never, never did love me.

Jenny.

Jockey, how can you miſtake, that know full well when you woo me;

My poor Heart does ſo ake, it throbs as it would come through me!

How can you be my Friend,
That thus are bent to my Ruine?
All the Love you pretend,
Is only for my Undoing.

Jockey. Who can tell by what Art
This Chiming Nothing, called *Honour*,
Charms my *Jenny*'s ſoft Heart,
When Love and *Jockey* has won her?

Jenny. 'Tis a Toy in the Head,
And Muckle Woe there's about it;
Yet I'd rather be dead,
Than live in Scandal without it.

But if you'l love me, and Wed;
And guard my Honour from Harms too;
Jockey I'le take to my Bed,
And fold him cloſe in my Arms too.

Jockey. Talk not of Wedding, dear Sweet,
For I muſt have Chains that are ſofter;
I m of a Northerly Breed,
And never ſhall love thee well after.

CHORUS. Baſs *and* Treble.

Then ſince ill Fortune intends,
Our Amity ſhall be no dearer;
Still let us kiſs and be friends,
And ſigh we ſhall never come nearer.

A Song

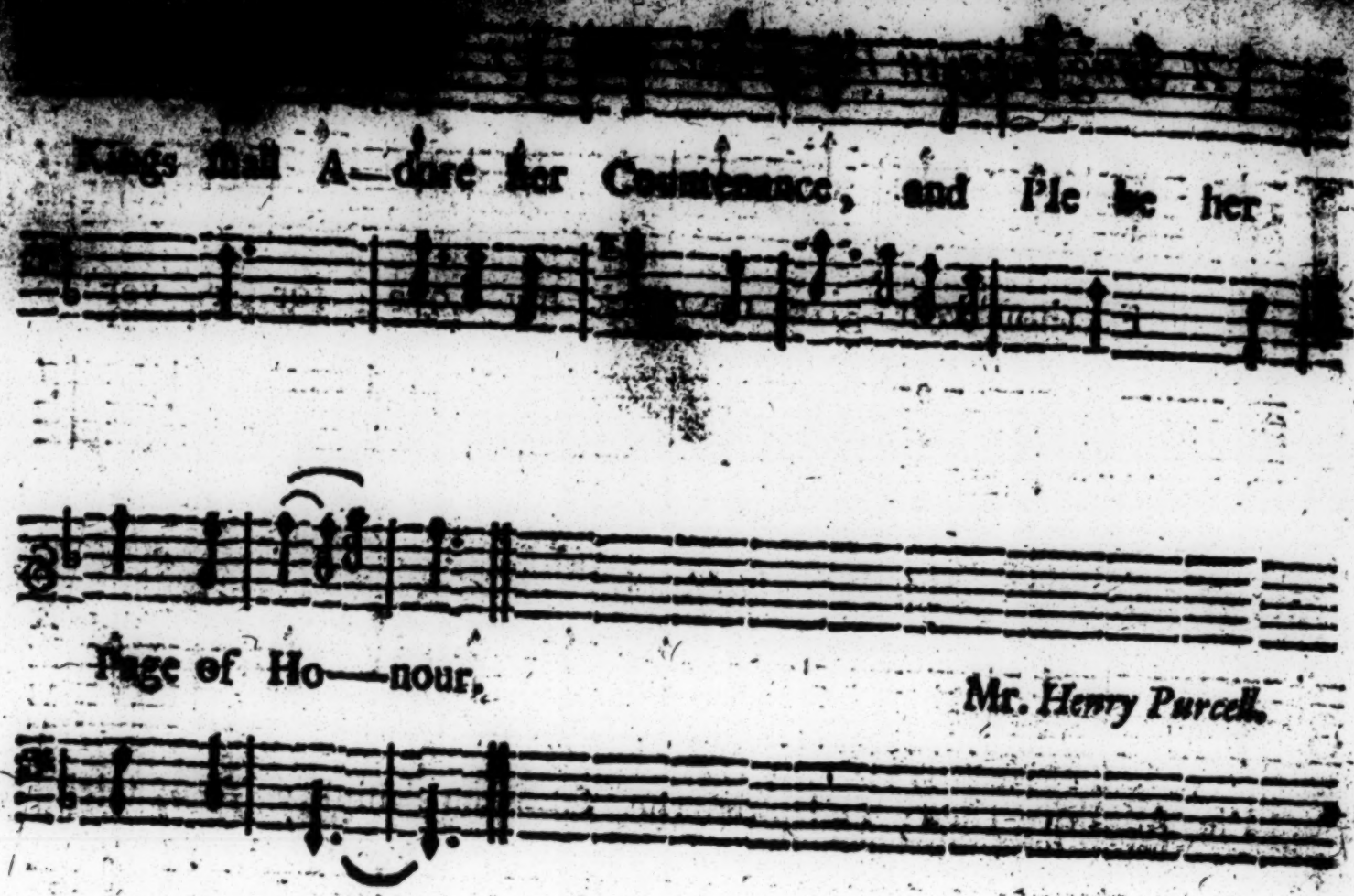
A Song sung in the Play, by

I F thou wilt give me back my Love, for e—ver

I'le A—dore thee; and for the fa—vour, mighty *Jove*, with

Souls from Heaven ſhall ſtore thee: To the Queen of *Shades*,

ſhe ſhall advance, and all ſhall wait up——on her;


Kings shall A—dore her Countenance, and Ple be her
Page of Ho—nour.
Mr. Henry Purcell.

FINIS.